

Caledonia ;
OR, THE
Pedlar turn'd Merchant.
A
Tragi-Comedy,
As it was Acted by
His Majesty's Subjects
OF
SCOTLAND,
IN THE
King of Spain's Province
OF
DARIEN.

L O N D O N :
Printed, and sold by the *Booksellers of London and*
Westminster. 1700.

Caledonia

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Edinburgh

Edinburgh

SCOTLAND

1811

DAVID

Caledonia, &c.

I.

A Sorry Poor Nation, which lies *as full North,*
As a great many Lands which are *wiser,*
Was resolv'd to set up for a People of Worth,
That the *Loons* who laugh'd at Her might
prize her.

II.

Her *Sons* were as false, and as apt for deceit,
As her *Daughters* were ready for change;
And if *Scrubbing Scot* had an *Itch* to be great,
It deserv'd more Excuse than the *Mange*.

III.

But what *means* to find out, or make use of what *ways,*
Was a business quite puzzled her Thought,

B

For

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For believe me 'twas no easie matter to raise
Such indigent Scoundrels from noughr.

IV.

When (as ill Luck would have it) it came in her Head,
To sing by her *Packs* and her Linnen,
And since Times had always in *Scotland* been Dead,
To chuse a new Method to sin in.

V.

Her Neighbours she saw, and curs'd them and their gains,
Had *Gold* as they ventur'd in search on'r,
And why should not she who had *Guts in her brains*
From a *Pedlar* turn likewise a *Merchant* ?

VI.

Her claim was as fair, and as Just was her Plea
To the goods of this Life as the best,
And if *Sinners* look green like a *Fruitful Bay Tree*,
That a *Scotch-man* should *Wither's* a Jest.

VII.

Yet *Mammon* was false to his Worshipper true,
And with-held from his sight what he serv'd;
And though he sinn'd on, and believ'd like a *Jew*,
Like a *Saint of a Christian* he starv'd.

VIII.

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VIII.

Howe'er, 'twas resolv'd it should cost her a fall
But her Children should prosper and rise,
And she'd venture their Necks, and the Devil and all,
Of *what Worth*, is best known to the *Wife*.

IX.

For how could she *Fall* who *Crep'd* on the Ground,
And was level'd with *Thistles* and *Brakes* ?
Or what *Risque* cou'd they *Run* who had nought to be
found
But their *Necks*, and their *Lice* for their *Stakes* ?

X.

Yet, though the *Base* Land and her People were curs'd
With the want of *Just* means to get *Wealth* ;
Though their *Feilds* and their Faces spoke *Hunger* and
Thirst
Their *Hands* were for *Plenty* and *Health*.

XI.

And if their *Lean Acres* 'stead *Breadcorn* and *Wines*,
Bore 'em *Oats* to discover their *Natures*,
And they'd nothing but *Cole-Pits* in the Room of *Gold-*
Mines
To shew what was *design'd* for such *Creatures*.

XII.

'Twas the very same thing since *Spain* and *Peru*
 Had abundance of what they had none ;
 Could they steal it, no matter where the Mineral grew,
Possession would make it their *own*.

XIII.

This *Paterfon* saw, their Pastor and Guide,
 Who rejoyc'd such a Frolick had seiz'd 'em ;
 And flinging his *Texts*, and his *Sermons* aside,
 Left his Flocks to be damn'd if it pleas'd 'em.

XIV.

The Prospect of *Gain* made him off with his *Band*;
 And away with his *Bible Geneve* ;
 For he had a business of Weight on his Hand,
 The *Deceivers* to Cheat and *Detective*.

XV.

He had whin'd, and had pray'd, and had taught, and :
 had read,
 Till his Hearers were going to leave him ;
 And had got scarce a Moriel to put in his Head,
 For the Deel of a Jack could they give him.

XVI.

XVI.

When he thought it but fit, as an *Orthodox* Teacher
 To get rid of his *Pennyles* Lecture,
 And since he look'd *thin* and had starv'd when a *Preacher*,
 To grow *Fat* with the Name of *Professor*.

XVII.

Wherefore packing up his *Divinity Tools*,
 He left *Them* and their *Sins* to God's Mercys,
 And forsaking the care of their *Ignorant Souls*,
 He put in for the care of their *Purses*.

XVIII.

Which no one had strove for had their *Credit* not went
 Pritty currant with those who ne'er knew
 The Reasons they took up at *Thirteen per Cent*.
 What they ne're could repay though at *Two*.

XIX.

The People were willing, and ready prepar'd
 To give way to his *Protestant* suit,
 And greedily caught and believ'd what they *heard*,
 Though they ne're from the *Pulpit* wou'd do't.

XX.

Which the fly Man of *Kirk* having Joyfully found,
 He made use of his Wits at Command,
 And told 'em he knew of a large Peice of Ground,
 Where *Gold* was as Plenty as *Sand*.

XXI.

And their Title to Rule it was as *firm* and as *clear*
 As the *Scots* were ordain'd for *Salvation*;
 Nor could the poor sorrowful place where they were
 Be design'd for a *Sanctify'd* Nation.

XXII.

' *Ye are Israel's Sons, said the Scandal of Priests,*
 ' *And Israel's Sons should be fed*
 ' *Not with Onions and Oatcakes like a Parcel of Beasts,*
 ' *But with Manna and good Wheaten Bread.*

XXIII.

' *Your Fathers before ye spent many a day*
 ' *In Bondage, in Want, and in Labours,*
 ' *Till Moses got Pharoah to send 'em away*
 ' *To the grief of their Land-Lords and Neighbours.*

XXIV.

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XXIV.

*' And I weep when I think that my Countrymen's case
' Has so near a Resemblance to theirs,
' That they sweat and they toil in manuring a place
' Which has nothing to give 'em but Tares.*

XXV.

*' But if ye'l be ruPd and be flexible La's
' In treading the Paths which I'll shew,
' And attend to good Counsel like your Israelite Dads,
' I've a Canaan in store too for you.*

XXVI.

*' Not that I bid you do as your Fathers have done,
' Who God help 'em are fast in their Grave,
' But those who've no goods or effects of their own,
' May make use of their Neighbours which have.*

XXVII.

The words were scarce out, and had mingled with Air,
When the People soon found what he meant,
And as a return to his *Fatherly care*
Scratch'd their *A--ses* to shew their consent.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

For the Reader must know that as other Folks hum
 And clap at the clofe of a Speech ;
 Soto shew they are *Tickled*, these *finger* their *Bum*
 And lay *bold* on the places which *Itch*.

XXIX.

Though he well might have spar'd the *consent* which he
 gave
 To the giddy Felonious Rout,
 For they ne're were yet known to stand asking for *leave*,
 But to take what they wanted *without*.

XXX.

As for their *Relation* to the *People* of *God*,
 Such a claim have th' incredulous *Jews*,
 And though this *Alliance* might look very odd
 'Twas made out by their *Faith*, and their *Shoes*.

XXXI.

The first was like *Saul's*, and breath'd Famine and War,
 To the true *Church* of *Christ* and his *Priests*
 And the last in the *Wilderness* travel'd so far
 That their feet were as bare as their Beasts.

XXXII.

[XXXII.

But allow that for Truth which their Leader had said,
 And conclude 'em right *Jews* in their *Hearts*;
 They were down-right *Egyptians* by the *Lice* which
 were spread
 In the midst of their other *foul parts*.

XXXIII.

Let 'em be what they would, 'twas the Vote of each Clan,
 They'd a right to be led by a *Moses*,
 And this was the *Sanctify'd* Tool of a Man
 Whom they'd follow next after their *Noses*.

XXXIV.

The *Zealot* ne're stood like our *speakers* at *London*,
 Who bemoan their own *want* of *deserts*,
 And seem to pretend they could with that were *undone*
 Which if *really so'd*, break their hearts.

XXXV.

But to shew that the Person they'd chosen had got
 A *soul* full as *plain* as his *Phiz*,
 Took the Mob at *their word*, for fear should he not
 And Refuse, they might take him at *his*.

XXXVL.

Yet though the *Scabbed Flock* would have follow'd their
Guide
 And have ventur'd through Thick and through Thin
 Without any such thing as an *Aff* on their side
 To put a good *Gloss* on the sin.

XXXVII.

He resolv'd he'd a Law for his purpose procure,
 And *Thieve* like a true Man of Sense,
 And cheating the *People*, to make all things sure
 By putting a *Trick* on the *Prince*.

XXXVIII.

And away the *Lay-Priest* to the Senate-House went
 With his Mob at his Heels to stand by him;
 While he sued for their *Indigent* Honours consent,
 Which nothing of *Scot* could deny him.

XXXIX.

But, Lord ! What a Joy there appear'd in the *Throng*,
 Who had hopes to obtain *Transportation* !
 How they 'nointed their *Joynts*, and he *Liquor'd* his *Tongue*
 To address the great *Dens* of the *Nation* !

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XL.

Not a Man of a Thousand of all that came there,
But look'd big, as already preferr'd,
And his *Shirt* full of *Lice* and his *Head* full of *Care*
Spoke him not a jot less than his *Laird*.

XLI.

The Senate for their part, to their Praise be it told,
Were putting their Noddles together,
And consulting what *Frize* would best keep out the *Cold*
And fence off the next Winter's sharp *Weather*.

XLII.

However they drop'd their *Debates*, and their *Votes*,
And left hearing *Committee Men's* Speeches
Concerning the thickness and make of their *Coats*
For a *Mettle* to put in their *Breeches*.

XLIII.

And as soon as they heard 'em name *Gold Bars* and *Dust*
With abundance of such pritty matters,
They thought it belong'd to their *Station* and *Trust*,
To get some for their *Wives* and *Daughters*.

XLIV.

And up rose a *Sage Member*, whose *Worshipful Face*
Made the *Saints* near him almost adore him,
And gave 'em to know he could say a *long Grace*,
Had he good store of *Viduals* before him.

XLV.

With his *Eyes* towards *Heav'n*, & his *Heart* towards *Gain*
He made a long Prayer in *Scotch*,
Though he might have forborn the fatigue of his *Brain*,
And succeeded as soon in *Low-Dutch*:

XLVI.

Yet to shew that his Parents had taken some care
In breeding their Eloquent Son,
And that some of their *Wits* were as sharp as their Air,
And could make use of more *Tongues* than *One*.

XLVII.

Having pull'd off his *Hat*, as a Man that had been
Beyond the unmannerly *Tweed*,
And had beaten the *Hoof* and good *Christians* had seen
Who taught him to *Bow* at a need.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

He whin'd it in English to prevail for the Throng,
As a Language of *Weight* and *Address*,
And hating the *People*, made use of their Tongue
For the sake of the better success.

XLIX.

Brethren (he cry'd) *behold! How good*
The Lord is to his People!
He on our side not only stood,
And batter'd down vain Gods of Wood,
But gave us Church and Steeple.

L.

Thanks to his Name, we now possess,
Th' Effects of those we heard once,
And have their Lands without their Dress,
As we take pleasure to oppress
The very Men we fear'd once.

LI.

Tet though we sinfully have spar'd
Their Life, and took their Living,
God has been bountious still, and heard,
Our readiness to stand prepar'd,
For something of his Giving.

LII.

*And lo! to this Good Man is told
 By Heav'nly Inspiration,
 How we may wallow all in Gold,
 As our Good Sires in Dirt of Old,
 And grow a Pow'rful Nation.*

LIII.

*Then what avails it that we've sent
 The Singing Men a grazing?
 That Priests for want of Meat keep Lent,
 And Bishops starve in Banishment,
 Whilst we their Goods are Praising?*

LIV.

*That Surplices are out of door,
 And Liturgies uncommon,
 That now the Babylonish Whore,
 With all her Ceremonious Store,
 Is worshipped by no Man?*

LV.

*If we ('t' our shame) at last refuse
 The Motions of the Spirit;
 And having any State to chuse,
 And be as Rich as any Jews
 Not venture and Inherit.*

LVI.

To be sure such a *Godly Proposal* as this
Which had one of th' *Elect* to stand by it,
Must needs be receiv'd, and th' Event hit or Miss,
They could ne're have the hearts to deny it.

LVII.

'Twas therefore agreed by the *Saints* one and all
To consent to the *Robb'ry* Projected,
And ne're to refuse so *Gracious* a *Call*,
But to do as the *Spirit* directed.

LVIII.

Not that I can e're think or am apt to believe
That the Burghers knew *Paterfons*'s Drift,
But am told though their *Tenants* are Idle and thieve,
They know how to be *just* at a *list*.

LIX.

However 'twas voted that the Critical Minute
Was come for 'em *all* to be *made*,
And (*Religion turn out*) the Devil was in it,
But *Room* was now *left* 'em for *Trade*.

LX.

A *Bill* was prepar'd with a Cartload of *Clauses*,
That his *Majesty* might not *peruse* it,
And having a sight of their Reasons and Causes
Take *advice*, and go near to refuse it.

LXI.

This the good Prince ne're dream'd of, or suppos'd the
Breasts
Of a People his Sword had preserv'd,
But immediately *sign'd*, to get rid of his *Guests*
Who fed in his Camp as *Half starv'd*.

LXII.

For the King had all manner of Reason to hope
That they harbour'd no thoughts which were *Evil*,
Nor imagin'd the *Zealots*, whom he'd sav'd from the Pope
Were *running headlong* to the Devil.

LXIII.

'Tis not to be thought but the *Deputies* made
All the haste that they could to be gone,
And having *ill serv'd* whom they ne're well obey'd,
Took Horse when their Business was done.

LXIV.

Though 'twas Death to the *canting Wiseacres* to part
With the sight of good *Victuals* and *Drink*,
And for *actual* provisions which *enliv'd* their *Heart*,
Go to feed on *Potential* Chink.

LXV.

As for his part the *Wife Lord Commissioner's* Grace
Was not the in the least at a stand,
But call'd in a trice for the *Scepter* and *Mace*,
At the sight of his *Sovereign's* Hand.

LXVI.

And *Christning* the *Bill* by a *touch* to an *Act*
Gave the *Brat* such a *Title* and *Claim*
As 'twill get nothing by, 'tis *master* of *fa &*,
While *Tweedal's* its *Godfather's* Name.

LXVII.

The *News* had no sooner reach'd *Edinburg Town*,
And been heard by the *Famishing* *Tribe* ;
But the *Realms* of both *Indies* ev'ry foot Were their *own*,
And the *Country* came into *Subscribe*.

LXVIII.

Not a man but would gang, and go *set down his Fist*,
 Marry would he *put in for the Plate* ;
 And since 'twas nothing else but to be in the List
 He'd immediately get an Estate.

LXIX.

Such a number of *Scrawls*, and of *Pot-books*, and *Marks*
 No *Parish* beside this could boast,
 As the *Knights of the Thistle*, fine blew Ribbon'd *Sparks*,
 Set their Hands with the *Knights of the Post*.

LXX.

The *Nobles*, for want of the Ready, made o're
 Their Estates to promote the design ;
 And in *Quality-Capitals* own'd they were poor,
 And perfectly Strangers to Coin.

LXXI.

The *Clergy*, (mistake me not) those who 'could read
 Sold their *Calvin*, and *Baxter*, and *Knocks* ;
 And turn the *Whites of their Eyes* to succeed,
 Bless'd a the Peices, and pray'd for large *Stocks*.

LXXII.

The *Commons* to forward the Vows and the Wishes
They had made to see *Ships* in the *Frysb*,
Made away with their Kettles, and Trenchers, and Dishes,
And would have made *sale* of their *Teeth*.

LXXIII.

But none could be found but had more than enough
Of his own, than he well could employ ;
And all could find *Grinders* when few could find *Stuff*,
To set 'em at work, or could buy.

LXXIV.

Having rais'd what they could, and advanc'd such a *Sum*,
As our Parish Collectors for *Dues*,
Twas adviseable thought to go farther from Home
And get other Lands into their *Noose*.

LXXV.

And to shew that the Country next to 'em should have
The advantage of those more at distance,
They agreed first on *England*, as a place where a Knave,
Might prevail, and have ample Subsistence.

LXXVI.

When away the *Sage Elders* 'fled of *Scotch Cloth & Packs*,
The *Burthens* they commonly bore,
Took their Books of Subscriptions and their Lists on their
Backs
And jogg'd on to the Christian Shore.

LXXVII.

Where 'twas all things to nothing but their tricks and
abuses
Would have finger'd the Baggs of some *Dons*,
Which had got 'em *fair Wives* for other *Men's* uses,
And foul *Chambermaids* for their *Sons*.

LXXVIII.

But the Parliament smell'd our the Stench of the Plot,
As the Sinners were serving there Turns
And caution'd the *Cukold* to beware of the *Scot*
If he meant to keep *Gold* with his *Horns*.

LXXIX.

Else the *Patient Disciples* of *Rogers* and *Shore*
Had paid in the Sums they set down.
And the sake of the *Brethren* and the Love of *Gold Ore*,
Had gutted that *Self* in the Town.

LXXX.

LXXX.

As the *Prysical Saints* who late up for the *Mace*,
 Believ'd what was said, and would hear 'em ;
 And a Bookfeller thought to subscribe was his Place
 As he serv'd the *good Bishop* of *Sarum*.

LXXXI,

As a set of *Wife* sparks who *two Millions* could raise,
 Much *sooner* than ever was known
 Would have fall'n by *another Land's* projects and ways
 Who are now *going down* by their own.

LXXXII.

Such a rub in his way as a *Senate-House* Vote
 Was enough to have *damp'd* a *Mans* Spirits ;
 But insolent *Paterfon* kept his first Note,
 And stood up for the *Cause*, and it's *Merits*.

LXXXIII.

And curling their *Wisdom*, who could see through the
Cheat
 March'd off with his *Parchment* and *ScrOWls*,
 And endeavr'ing to *shake the Dust* from his *Feet*,
 Had like to've *got rid* of his *Soles*.

LXXXIV.

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LXXXIV.

For he'd *trotted* so far on an Errand so vain,
Where his *Time* and his *Labour* were lost,
That to set the *frail* Remnants together again
Was too hard on the *Company's* cost.

LXXXV.

The place he next fix on as a *refuge* for such,
Whom no *Kingdom* beside would *receive*
Was the *Protestant* Land of good natur'd *DUTCH*
Who without all dispute would *believe*.

LXXXVI.

On *Calvin* that Nation pinn'd her Faith and her Trust,
And he *Calvin's* opinions had taught ;
Which would make for his purpose, yes in Troth that it
must,
Or the Country was running *stark naught*.

LXXXVII.

And having invented a Specious fair Tail,
For *Money* to pay for their *Fraights*,
He and his Comrades in an instance set sail
To address the *Compassionate STATES*.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Who, *pious good Men*, for the *sake* of their Land
 Are *pleas'd* to be always *content*
 To accept of Proposals from *head* or from *hand*,
 If the *profit* be *Thirty per Cent*.

LXXXIX.

But the *Righteous* Projector, like a true Man of *Grape*
 Took a *Sooterkin's* treat at free Cost,
 And while he blest'd *Heaven* for the Juice of the *Grape*,
 In a *Hellish* Condition was lost.

XC.

And his *Falshood* all drown'd in the *Truth* of the *Cup*
 He spew'd out his *Old Kingdom's* design,
 And *discharging* his *Stomach* the *secret* came up
 And disclos'd a worse *stench* than his *Wine*.

XCI.

Not that those he apply'd to, had *Stomacks* so squemish
 To grow sick or be *pall'd* at the thing,
 But a smell good or bad's never noisome in *Flemish*,
 And a *Turd's* all the same as *Old-Ling*.

XCII.

XCII.

But their Magistrates thought it more Politick still
In their dealings with Neighbour or Stranger,
Though they'd take all occasions to *bring Grist to their*
Mill,
To *bring't*, if they could, without *danger.*

XCIII.

Without any dispute our *Apostle* was vext
To see matters so damnable crofs,
However he studied from the *Words of the Text*
To help those who occasion'd his lots.

XCIV.

And since the *Fleet Royal* of Scotland was Ta'ne
By a *French Privateer* nigh the shore
And the *two Ships* would ne're *ride* in *Leith Road* again,
That did nothing but *wast* the *Kings store.*

XCV.

He gravely consider'd that the *Hollanders Wood*,
Hed it's growth in a *Presbyter Nation*,
And the *Timber* no question was *Sea-proof* and good
Whose *Owners* held *Predestination.*

XCVI.

Wherefore, though he could not get in for *their* Gilt
 By his Subtle Delusions and Prayers;
 He order'd some *Protestant* Ships to be built
 That the *Dutch* might be Masters of *Their's*.

XCVII.

Least the Plancks, should they come from *Idolatrous* Ground,
 Might give way, and the Brethren be lost,
 And those who were born to be starv'd might be drown'd,
 And the Proverb and Doctrine be cross.

XCVIII.

Yet to shew that *Dame Fortune* could never subdue,
 The minds of a People so Stout,
 He *Shrug'd up his Shoulders*, as one who'd pursue
 What his Masters had sent him about.

XCIX.

But as *Augurs* of Old before a design
 Stood waiting the Birds and their Flight,
 And from that side they flew to could guess and Divine,
 If it was a good minute to Shite ;

C.

So the *North-Country Prophet* as full of concern
 As if more than the *Scotch* laid at stake;
 Attended devoutly for a token to learn
 If People worth nothing could break.

E

CI.

CL.

When before he could possibly turn him self round
 As he pray'd for a sign to let sail,
 To his unspeakable comfort he found,
 A Louse bite the left Cheek of his Tail.

CII.

And Transported with Joy for the Signal, he cry'd,
 Heav'n bids us put off from this shore,
 'Tis apparent good Luck, since he bites the left side,
 And Fortune will thwart us no more.

CIII.

Which had like to've been true, and a Louse had been rais'd
 To Men's Worship, as Beasts in old Times,
 Had the *Hamburgers* swallow'd the Bait which they prais'd,
 And shar'd in their Traffick, and Crimes.

LCIV.

But a Resident just to the Prince and the Land
 Whose Honour and Wealth was his aim,
 Made 'em hold back their Money, though they put down their
 band,
 For the sake of their Master's great Name.

CV.

Which the Felons made use as a Specious Disguise,
 For the Theft which was just in pretence,
 That what was found out, and refus'd by the Wife
 Might be caught at by Men of no Sense.

CVI.

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CVI.

Having lost his *Shoal Anchor*, what Methods to take
No Mortal among 'em could tell him,
He had done what he could for *Christianity's* sake;
And yet nothing but mischiefs befell him.

CVII.

He had sound'd the *Lovers of Calvin and Christ*,
But they'd nothing with which they would part;
And neither *Making* or *Church* would bring Grist
Though he did what he could for his Heart.

CVIII.

Poor *Luther's Disciples* he'd have joy'd with the *Kirk*,
But they'd baulk'd his Expectance and hope,
And he must either side with the *Jew* or the *Turk*
Or be damn'd and go Snacks with the *Pope*.

CIX.

This made him be desp'rate, and advise his Colleagues,
To stand by his Project or fall,
And since they were cross'd by an *Envoy's* Intreagues
To rob *Peter* to even with *Paul*.

CX.

And taking up Money which will ne're be repay'd
He got three of his Ships out of T rouble
While the rest in the *Ouze* not in *Lavender* laid,
Rotted on to shew *Scot* for a Bubble.

CXI.

And to make it appear the *Projector* could *Swim*,
 Though the *Project* was ready to *Sink*,
 Homewards he sail'd with his *Vessels* as *Trim*
 As if those which were in 'em had *Chink*.

CXII.

For their Part the *Ships* were all new *Spick and Span*,
 And had *Cannon* as other *Ships* bore;
 Which made the *Scots* run, *Child*, *Woman*, and *Man*
 At such a *Strange* fight to the *Shore*.

CXIII.

Yet though their new *Fleet* made a sort of a show
 And the *People* took *Pleasure* to see 'em;
 Their *Owners* they sigh'd and ask'd *Council* to know
 Now they'd purchas'd 'em what to do wi' 'em.

CXIV.

At last 'twas agreed, and for certainty found,
 That whatever came of their affair;
 The *Ships* could but *sink*, and the *Sailors* be *drown'd*
 Which would make things no worse than they were:

CXV.

And orders were giv'n to their *Servants* and *Skippers*,
 To loose their *Top-sails* and be gone,
 Where their *Parsons*, and *Bibles*, and *Perukes*, and *Slippers*
 Would bring 'em in *forty* for one.

CXVI.

They'd abundance of other pritty nick-nacks to truck
 And Exchange with the Natives for Gold ;
 When flinging three Lice on the shore for good Luck,
 They Launch'd forward to *steal* what they could.

CXVII.

And being in hast for the Island of Riches
 They steer'd to catch hold on the Prey,
 Though that Man was happy who had Coat or had Breeches,
 To lay down for food in his way.

CXVIII.

Nothing Material through the Voyage fell out,
 As theytempted the Winds and the seas ;
 But their Moveables went without scruple or doubt
 For Provision's to JackPortuguese.

CXIX.

And Paterfons *Maiden* was first brought to bed
 Of a *Bastard*, and afterwards Married,
 As the *Fruit* of her *Womb*, more Luckyly Sped,
 Than his *Fruitless attempt* that miscarried.

CXX.

At last the lean Fools had a sight of the Place,
 Where they *starv'd* all in steering their Courses;
 And resolving to *Feast* and *fatten* apace
 Leap'd a shore all as Hungry as Horses,

CXXI.

When they look'd, and they look'd, till they look'd themselves
 blind,
 For something to serve 'em for food,
 But in vain, they could nothing like *Eatables* find
 Unless they could Dine upon *Wood*.

CXXII.

The next price of *Wisdom* was to *Christen* the Land,
 But their *Parsons* had giv'n up the *Ghost*,
 And 'twas allow'd of at every hand
 It belong'd to grave *Paterfon's* Post.

CXXIII.

Though the *Saints* were departed stood 'em in little stead
 In things of advice and reproof,
 But to *Marry* their *Whores*; and to *Bury* their *Dead*,
 And that was Employment enough.

CXXIV.

Having giv'n it the Name of a Parent and Friend
 They entrench'd it both Forepart and Back,
 Which nothing but *Scot* would take care to defend,
 And nothing but *Scot* would attack.

CXXV.

Where, after they'd tarried looking up to the Skies
 To send 'em down Meat and Gold Rain,
 And had wearied their hands and had tir'd out their Eyes,
 In delving and searching for gain.

CXXVI.

Two Thirds being dead, and another made *Slaves*
 By the Spaniard for fear of his Oar,
 They left felling *Trees* and ceas'd digging *Graves*,
 And crawl'd to their Ships from the Shore.

CXVII.

The first Time a *Scot* ever wish'd himself home,
 For want of good *Air* or of *Bread*,
 And the last (if he's wife) that he from it will come
 On such a *Fool's Errand* as Trade.

F I N I S.

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